
Title: History of Leshok

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Leshok Majere

The story of my life is
one full with happiness
and sorrow, action and
rest, turmoil and peace.
Many moments of my life,
are one would say, not
worth mentioning, through
the eight decades of my
current life, I've
experienced alot, and shall
do what I can to make
my story, easy to read.
My life seems to have
flowed through like
chapters, thus I shall
make my writings with
them.

Chapter One: My parents.

Many take pride in their
upbringing, though I can
not. My mother, whose
name escapes me to this
day, was an elven maiden
of great beauty and
poise. My father, Callen
Illied a human void of
conscience and honor. My
father was a man who
lived his life in a bottle
or with dice in his hands,
never knowing honest
living, or honest life. One
day my mother went to
the market at Minoc,
where Callen laid eyes on
her and lusted. In the
woods he jumped her,
drug her off to his
cabin, where he enslaved
her and raped her. It
wasn't long before she
became pregnant with
myself, though by then
her spirit had been

broken under the hand of
the man who sired me. I
was born into this world,
into the house of a
rapist, who by reasons
still not know, never laid
a hand on myself. I was
nearing the age of five
when my father collected
a gambling debt there
was only one way to pay.
The brigands came to our
cabin, stabbed my father
in the back, then drug
me away to sell as a
slave. They went to have
their way with my
mother, but seeing me
gone, she quickly ended
her own life.

Chapter Two: Slavery.

The next nearly thirty
years of my life where
spent in a slave camp,
laboring, chopping trees.
My captures cut the tips
of my ears to hide my
elven heritage, fearing I
would draw attention.
Many beatings and
hardships I had recieved
at their hands, which led
to the scars I bare
today. My spirit broken,
my body beaten, I simply
existed to move and
remain in motion. One
would be amazed at how
years can just disappear
when in dispair, it is
truely amazing. All of
this changed the day I
met the man I truely call
brother, a new slave
named Dekkan Demise.
There was naught they
could do to break this
man's spirit, let alone
body. It would take many
slavers to administor
beatings just to him they
learned, after he
strangled one to death
with his own whip. Many
nights we would lay
awake, him telling me of

the world outside these
walls, and free life.
Slowly, but surely, his
friendship breathed will
back into my heart and
soul, and I wanted to live.
The night we planned our
escape, we became blood
brothers cutting our
hands and mixing our
blood and vowing never
ending loyalty to another.
Escape seemed easier
than ever thought, though
it was the first time I
ever killed another living
being, it bothered me not.
Even blood washes away
in a mountain spring
during your first breathe
of free air.

Chapter 3: Learning to
live.

I traveled with Dekkan to
search for his family
which had been split and
scattered. We found his
brother Nathaniel and the
three of us began to
make our way, working as
mercanaries and adventure
seekers. The brothers
Demise taught me how to
fight, and how to live,
for this I will be ever
grateful, and never forget
them. The brothers, the
remenants of some race
near gone, aged even
slower than I and our
travels lasted long
together. I swore then to
not follow my fathers
path, never would I be a
drunk, never would I
disrespect women, never
would I live a life not
worth living. The
followings years with
Dekkan and Nathaniel were
good years, filled with
friendship and excitement,
we were young, able and
full of life. Many others
did we meet that
traveled with us, the

smith turned warrior Sir
Vince DeGalo, and a man
swords man named Ashton
Sith. The brothers then
gave me the surname I
carry to this day
"Majere" which in their
tongue means "scarred
one".

Chapter four, ways
parted, refound, and a
purpose to fight.

After time, we all split
our ways to find our
paths in life, and that is
when I discovered my
first home, the place
where I truly grew into
the man I am today,
Stormhaven. I was
brought into the Kingdom
and at first squired
under a man named
Bowen, who wanted to
teach me the way of a
paladin. I learned nothing
from him except the
reward of loyalty to
crown and country. When
Bowen left, taking many
knights with him, I stayed
in Stormhaven, not
agreeing on his reasons
to leave.

Chapter five: the true
birth of Leshok Majere.

Staying with Stormhaven,
was the greatest choice I
ever made. I became
squire to Lord Kallianos,
a most wise and good
man, and Lord Paladin of
the Kingdom. How I miss
my mentor, the man who
showed me the way of
Virtue, who made me
question everything, and
then accept it. I began
my squireship and it
wasn't long before my old
companions found me,
Dekkan, Vince, and
Nathaniel all joined into
the Kingdom to serve as
well. These were the best

years of my life where I
met the man I call
father now, Morus
McStravick, my king, and
my friend. There I met
Lady Desera, I humble
woman of dark
complexion and haunted
past, who had lost her
memory and voice. She
was my dearest friend,
and first love, never will
she be forgotten. I
prospered in Stormhaven,
growing into the man I
am now, learning of
Virtue, being taught how
to better read and write.
In our years of absence,
Dekkan had become a
fighter of near legendary
skill, in his first battle
for the kingdom, slaying
five orcs alone. He
showed me how to fight,
and Morus and Kallianos
showed me whats worth
fighting for.

Too many happy and sad
memories surround my
days in Stormhaven, I
could not relate them all
if I wished. How I miss
her Stormhaven, may her
memory always be grand.
The day the orcs burned
her to the ground, part
of me died, but that
part will remain with me
forever.

Chapter Six: The new
way, the path of Justice.

After the fall of
Stormhaven, I was taken
in by Vaen Swiftar and
his Legion of Justice.
Vaen has been and
continues to be a noble
leader and grand friend. I
have found home here
with the Legion and look
forward to the future.
Another has captured my
heart, the gentle Lady
Labelle, a paladin whose

quiet and gentle nature
brings a smile to my
face every moment in her
company. This is where
my story does nay end,
but my writing does. The
future is open to me,
and I try to live life to
its fullest, as I hope you
do reader. Walk in light.

-Leshok Majere